## AN ARMY WIFE

By Capt. Charles King, U. S. A.

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shadows of the night long after the hour | the rear of officers' row to take up and

ployed in that capacity in almost every

garrison of the far West. She flew to

the rear door and locked that, then up

ty guest rooms as well as their own-

hers and Randy's, with all their closets

and nooks and corners. She took one

rapid survey through them and then one

who was reared in the Riflers? Are you

to make a lifelong fool for any man?

And as she spoke she began to open the

dress she had been wearing for Randy's

benefit. The folds of the stylish skirt,

one of Mrs. Hayne's planning when in

upon the snowy coverlet of the bed, and

was as suddenly unclasped from the

round, white throat, and in all the tu-

mult in her soul she heard no sound of

the sudden stir and sortie at the guard-

house. She never knew that there was

no sentry faithful to his watch along

pass on the stirring, reassuring cry that

no army girl can hear without rejoicing

or miss without alarm-"2 o'clock and

The dawn was breaking over the far

Jornada and turning the distant Guada-

as the cavalry trumpeter remarked to

to stir the echoes with their reveille

only these at Sedgwick, and one stalwart

dred, Tremaine, still doing duty at the

cantonment-fond, lonely old father,

whose heart was wrapped up in that one

ginning to yawn and stir. The night

to their nests, dismayed by the nowing

whisky wasted, while before them was

little morning blazes, for Sedgwick lay

beyond range and anthracite. In the

the cocktail, not coffee, was the neces-

sary prelude to reveille and morning

stables. Now, with the wisdom that

comes long after war, only case-hard-

ened, red-nosed, furrowed-cheeked, ban-

a drink at that hour of leap from sleep

to life; the inner cavalryman craves the

every "set" of cavalry quarters then the

kitchen chimney sent aloft its feathery

plume, with one exception-a subaltern's

stolidly across the mesa, Hop Ling was

him an air of depression and was fol-

lowed by a faint fragrance as of man-

searching furtively along that line of

sentry's carbine and cap ornaments. He

must place that watchman of the night

and know his ground before he entered

post. 'Spose the officer of the guard had

happened to meet him during the night.

Spose somebody sick. "'Spose Misse

Bang! the morning gun roared its lusty

summons to be up and doing, and skulk-

ing coyotes squatted lower as they

sneaked away from the outlying quar-

ters, no chicken the richer, and the

guard turned out with twenty additions

to Company "Q" and more still a-com-

ing; and the telegraph instrument in the

clerk's office began to call "Lalarrup-

Lalarrup-Lalarrup," and the soldier operator, washing his face in a tin basin

outside, glanced up and said, "You be

damned. You always call when I'm

washing. What'n hell's up now?" and

had to drop ablutions, and, wringing his

hands as he ran, to answer the sharp,

insistent summons and as he listened

his face grew keen and excited, and,

checking the rapid clicking of the key

one instant, he yelled to the drowsy

quick! Tumble up and see if Lieutenant

Merriam's back. I've a message for

him," and then clicked and listened and

noted again; but the reveille was chir-

ruping its merry music, and the sweet

cool morning air rang with the melody

about morning stables and roll call; and

across the mesa with pigtails and pa-

most prominent figure of all, streak ng

amas a-flying, with his felt-bottomed

boots fairly flashing, with flaring eyes,

distended for once at least with mad ap-

peal and dread in every feature and

shrill distress in his chattering tones,

came Hop Ling, straight for the guard-

A new officer of the guard, a scowling

and unresponsive man, turned from his

survey of the array of grinning prison-

ers, forgetting their own troubles in the

contemplation of Hop's grotesque mis-

ery, and this new official, Whittaker by

name, sternly shouted, "Stop your in-

fernal noise, you clapper-jawed heathen.

"Mellium! Mellium!" was all poor Hop

"Mr. Merriam isn't here," said Whit-

"Oh-wha he gone?-Misse Mellium

"Whew!" said Whittaker. "Sergeant.

take charge of the guard. I've got to

and, forgetful of the officer of the day

and bask under that window, the lieu-

and hopefully following. Matters

weren't so bad perhaps, then, after all,

thought he. Odd though the freak might

bly have trotted away together for a

be back demanding breakfast.

the empty rooms above.

very early morning ride and would soon

But Grafton was out in an instant,

pretty nest which Randy had so proudly

furnished for his bride. Hop ushered

There on the unrumpled bed, just

where she had thrown them, were the

garments Floy had hastily discarded.

There on the dressing table were toilet

articles in wild disarray. "She's heard

damned greasers," said Whittaker sul-

jilted his fondest friend, now well nigh

nated him because the woman sought

"We can soon tell," said Grafton brief-

Down to the little stable they went;

but first Grafton stepped back into Ran-

stout envelope, and the superscription,

him again, and Whittaker knew it.

ly, "by following her trail."

lenly. He, who hated the name of Fan-

in some way of his orders to chase those

gone! She gone-Minjon-allee gone!"

What the devil's the matter?"

could pant.

taker majestically.

house and shricking for "Mellium."

clerk in the adjoining office, "Billy-

Mellium she wanttee chow-chow?

making his rapid way. Fan-tan had

the gunner when they were going out

loupe into gold when the Riflers rolled

er precious locket-Randy's locket-

CHAPTER XII. When Florence regained strength enough to move she crept slowly back to her little parlor, where the beacon lights that were to summon her hushumble quarters and was generally emband were still faithfully, fruitlessly burning. She looked in at the dining room and its preparation for cheer and to the second story, where were the pretwelcome, and turned away with a shiver of disgust, and then, with a moan of pathetic miser, threw herself into an armchair and tried to think. What | fierce, wild look at herself in the mirror of her dainty dressing table. Are you Floy Tremaine? Are you the little girl should she do? What could she do? Her love for Randy was so fond, so glowing that she had gifted him with the qualities of a god, leaning upon him in everything, trusting him in everything, relying upon his word as though it were a pledge from on high; and yet within | Chicago, were tossed in reckless disorder these few hours he had, all unasked, given her his promise not to see or speak with that-woman again except he came first to her-his wife-and told her the need; then had gone secretly, almost directly to meet his old love in the

that usually saw the last light extin-

guished along officers' row. If her old friend from baby days, the all's well. colonel, had come to her and said that Randy was false; if her idol, her beloved father, had added his confirmation of away-officers and men, "barring the the colonel's views she would have band and Company 'Ike's at Sedgwick," laughed them down so long as Randyher hero Randy-swore that he was true. Many a woman will stand by her lover against a world in evidence, yet old captain with his devoted half hunturn to stone against him when she sees one apparent sign of interest in another. Poor girl! He was her first, her only | child, yet could not deny her to the man love. He was hers and only hers, and she loved so well. Sedgwick was beshould be only hers, for when that other owls in the canyons were hooting back -creature had scorned and denied him had he not been brought sore stricken of the human night owls tacking home to her doors? Had she not won him to duty, already half regretful of the life through the wealth and that remorseless wrath to come. The her own unsuspected love? | cooks were astir in the barracks, and From the day of their wedding until filmy smoke veils were sailing straight this woman came never had she known a wish that was not his. Day and night household servants along the row of she dreamed, planned and thought for cavalry officers' quarters, that which him, sought only to make herself backed to the south, were lighting their worthier his love, dearer to his eyessweeter to his caress. Who was there good old days of twenty years before to compare with him in manliness, in courtesy, in knightly bearing? What officer was the peer of Randy-what officer even in the dear old Riflers, with whom had been her home from baby days? They chided her, some of the girls, in what they called her defection. juice of Mocha and mocks at rye. From "You used to say there could be no regiment like the Riflers, Floy. You used to vow you'd never marry out of the old house well over toward the western end regiment." "Aye, but that was before of the row; and toward the gate thereof Randy came," was her simple answer. and then they told her Randy was her world, and proudly she answered, "I believe he is." They warned her-some of the older and wiser matrons-and God his pockets were empty. Hop bore with knows they had much on which to base their views-it was never safe to love any man too much, even Randy, to dragora. His bleary little eyes were which she answered with sunshine in her eyes, "How could one love Randy | fence and stables for the gleam of the too much?" Mind you, she never volunteered these overflowings of her heart, but these women had been her friends from her earliest days. She was still shy, even with him, but such well-meant warnings always seemed to put her on the defensive, as it were, and, poor child, she believed it her duty to her husband that she should never allow him to go undefended, even though the attack were intangible as a woman's sneer. And they looked so well together, and he was so proud of her, so devoted to her, "so conscious of her," as some one said. Nowhere in that garrison was there man or woman who was able to say that Randy had not borne himself as an almost ideal lover and husband ever since that sun-kissed wedding day. Many could even feel a sense of what is called 'agreeable disappointment," which always strikes me as a phraseological parallel for that other remarkable euphemism of so many of our countrywomen-"she's enjoying poor health." Yet withal Florence had the sympathy, the genuine affection of all Fort Sedgwick, even in-or rather notwithstanding-her enthusiastic estimate of Randy's qualities as husband and as man and her own extreme beatitude as wife. Then Mrs. Buxton ventured to fire a shot as she stood watching them strolling homeward together after parade one and the troopers were tumbling out from evening, absorbed in one another, and to observe to her own supremely in-different lord, "There, now, Bux, there's another girl making a fool of herself doorways, for the —th were sticklers over a man, only she's the sweetest fool I ever knew in my born days." Bux himself roared it out for Floy's enefit not long after, and did it so that

half Fort Sedgwick heard it, for the one valuable quality Bux possessed as a cavalry officer was his voice. The volume of sound he could produce when bellowing instructions to a regimental skirmish line was something prodigious, but of so rasping and exasperating a timbre that his old-time derider, Blake, likened it in force to a fog horn and in staying power to boiled cabbage-not a neat comparison but one expressly fitting. And now, strangely enough, this maddest of nights poor Florence could not get those words and that tone out of her head. She had flushed and turned

speechless away at the time, hurt to her soul and indignant, too, but the training of her youth was strong. These were people her father and mother had taught her to respect, and though angry, indignant remonstrance was in her heart, she stifled the words that strove to spring to her lips.

go up to Captain Grafton's and report "I expect I've put my foot in it again to-day," reported Bux to his better half | this. Come on with me, you heathen, when he got home. and only too ready to visit Grafton's "Well, I'm sure I'm never surprised,"

was the lady's prompt reply. "I fear I've been rude to Colonel Bux- tenant hastened away, Hop obediently ton, Randy," faltered Floy when that gentleman came in from troop drill an

"You couldn't be rude, even to Bux, be, his master and mistress might possidarling," was his answer as he olded her in his arms. And these are not types of the "first

year wedded" and the "quarter century mated" love as seen in the army. I have | and together the three hasten to the known many and many a couple who have risen together through every grade in the line, loved, loving and lovers to them to the dark, empty parlor, then to

At 1 o'clock Florence had set her lights in the parler window. At 2, with that booming, gonglike sound reverberating in her ears, that incessant repetition of Buxton's coarse words she had sprung from the chair in which she had been brootling, writhing, shuddering for half an hour, and then, tearing down the shade, close looping the cur- ny Hayward a year gone by for having tains, she hurried to the hall and locked and bolted the door. "Another girl making a fool of herself for a man-another God! how the words rang-resounded through her brain, buzzed and whirred like angry wasps in her ears, hissed and rattled, aye, stung like the venomous reptiles she had learned to dy's bath and dressing room. Yes, just shun from early childhood. "Making a as he thought, there was a note stuck fool of herself for a man who would in Randy's mirror, but no womanly litleave her-so soon-for that painted- the scrawl, no young wife's cooling confiyes-that padded thing." They'd soon

By War Department order a few years ago Companies "I" and "K" of each regicould hate, hate, hate as well. Wild-eyed, with beating heart, she ment of infantry were "skeletonized" b rushed through the little dining room to the dark kitchen beyond and rapped imleaving those two merely paper col periously at a door. "Hop Ling," she cried. "up; I need you." No answer. "The brute," she murmured to herself as a name for the bereaved and friendless commands referred to.

earn that an army-bred girl loved, in-

deed, with all her heart and soul, but

in a hand that spread itself over the en-tire face, was formal, indeed menacing:

LIEUTENANT MERRIAM, -th Cavalry. The captain's face grew quickly grave is he came forth and closed the door

"Which way did Merriam head?" door and it flew open and plunged her as the three regathered back of the line. in. The Chinaman's little sanctum was "Straight off to the southwest," said deserted. She kept no maid. One schooled Chinaman easily and efficiently Whittaker, "and here go her tracks-by Jove! Straight away for the end of the did all the housework of a lieutenant's row-and-from there?-"

The two officers looked in each other's eyes a moment, then strode hurriedly to the west end of the line. Before them there-broad and far spreading, brave in the slanting sunshine, the rolling reach of the mesa toward the Santa Clara. Beyond that valley the slow-rising stretch of desert toward the old, old mission miles and miles away. Beyond all, the far foothills and glistening range of the Mescalero.

But not toward these did Mignon's dainty foot tracks lead. Straight as the crow flies they clipped the sandy barren when once well out beyond the line and hearing of the westward sentry. Straight, swift and sure, like homing pigeon, Floy had evidently shaken loose her rein and bade her pet and precious bear her, swerving never, far at least as strength would last, to where there was ever waiting her the changeless love and pity and protection of the sheltering arms at the old cantonment, now her only hope of home.

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

(To be continued next Sunday.)

Sweet Williams and Sweet Violets. O glad reminders of the past! I greet in each dear smiling face, Some joy too crisply sweet to last, Some fleeting, but remembered grace,

Till, once again a child, I hail Your presence at the wildwood's side, Your lights where thorns and brush pre-And last year's cast-off leaves abide.

When sun and shadow alternate On warm south slopes where meadows

To tangled woods, you congregate And slyly, sweetly push afield.

Sweet Williams!-sweeter for your name, I catch your fragrance even in thought, And feel again the sudden flame Of some boy love that came to naush

O wistfully her eye of blue, The modest violet opens wide To see the earth her life renew aloft from the chimneys of half a dozen As some waked spirit glorifled, company kitchens. Already, too, the

> And lo! young Iris loiters by, And she, low, hidden in the grass, Perceives and loves the wanton sly And mirrors him, as in a glass, Till May's fair children all behold

The rainbow's truest tints renewed-The blue, the violet, the gold-In this wee flower by Iris woo'd. Sweet Williams, blessings on your frail dy-legged old dragoons ever dreamed of

> And fragrant heads! In you I greet My mother's spirit; you exhale Some blessing old, some quaint conceit. Whose subtle sense of unseen things She used to see and feel and know,

When first the moth spread silken wings And May flowers blossomed long ago. edging away from the ribald homeward bound of the main road and shuffling Sweet Williams and Sweet Violets Were consolation after tears: Their fragrance banished life's regrets

And soothed the anguish of her years. How oft, a wistful boy, I stood And watched the rapture of her face. When these meek children of the wood

Bestowed on her their joy and grace! And so of all the flowers of spring I prize them most, and hold most dear The days when robins build and sing

And wild Sweet Williams first appear.

New Castle, Ind. Somebody.

Little tired Somebody Cried herself to sleep; Had enough of troubles To make an angel weep. Couldn't play at peep-boo

Long enough to please;

Couldn't have the bright moon Up among the trees. Mamma spanked and scolded. Spite of love and will; Mamma's heart grew sorry As Somebody's tongue grew still.

Little smart Somebody Learned to walk to-day-Made her first wee toddles In a frightened way; Started from the stairstep. Walked to mamma's hand-

Made Somebody's papa Proudest in the land. When her fright was over Somebody, brave and gay, Took steps by the thousand-Walked and walked all day.

That's why tired Somebody Cried herself to sleep: Wore herself out walking-Grown too big to creep. Little sweet Somebody! Cheeks like full-blown rose: Snow-white, gold-crowned forehead. Stubby little nose.

Little dear Somebody! How two hearts would ache If that dear Somebody Never more should wake. Richmond, Ind. -S. W. Gillian.

Sing, My Lady. Wilt thou not sing, my lady? Let it be some simple air. "By the Blue Alsatian Mountains." Or tender "Robin Adair." Thy soul is full of music And thy voice-how sweet it sings! And thy harp-how it throbs and trembles When thy hand is on its strings!

O I love the sweet old ballads With tenderness all aglow, For they bring my heart a solace And they rob my soul of woe: But when their refrains are wakened By a liquid voice like thine, And thy hand the harp strings traileth,

My soul! what a bliss were mine! Then sing to me, my lady. And thy trembling strain will start A myriad chords vibrating In the harp within my heart: Till my speechless song impatient

Shall burst from its prison free, And my soul will a ballad waken To thee, sweet love! to thee! -George Harrison Conrard. Ludlow, Ky.

An Old Man. Old man, thou hast a sorrow in thy face! My heart finds cause for pity in thy look So sightlessly thou gazest into space! Through weary hours thou droopest in thy

Nor hearest any sound of life about, Not e'en of laughing children's lifted shout. In fancy running once again thy race! Full feeble thou waitest for the end, Thou waitest and thy purposes are furled, Thou hast not any kind companionship.

To me is it a mystery. O my friend, That thou must linger thirsting in the world, When death with sweetest nectar tempts thy Terre Haute, Ind. -Ed. P. Bell. The Wheels Clicked On.

"Say, I've got a cinch!" said the lead

"Well," answered the indicator, needn't gas about it; this is no laughing

New York Press.

A Misunderstanding.

Miss Howcott came down the steps slowly; in one hand she carried a work basket, in the other a package of books. On the last step she found Stephen Armstead with the small son of the asked he of Whittaker a moment later house perched upon his knee; the latter's expression was ecstatic. Armstead, she noticed, looked a trifle jaded.

"Witness," he said, with a wave of the hand, "the evil consequences of boasting. My young friend intimated that I would be unable to narrate the adventures of Jack the Giant Killer; vanity prompting me, I took up the challenge and succeeded so admirably as a story teller that, behold, he clingeth to me closer than a brother."

"One must pay the penalty for being attractive," she said.

"You speak with feeling, I observe." She did not answer, but shrugged her shoulders carelessly and went on down the path to the garden; he watched her light dress flitting through the trees until the foliage hid her from view; then he turned and set manfully to work to rid himself of his admirer.

After an extensive outlay of energy and diplomacy success crowned his efforts, and he was free to follow where his fancy led.

When he reached the cosy nook where | i+ Miss Howcott had established herself he found her lying back in her chair staring up into the branches above, but, hearing his step, she turned and greeted him. "I am glad you have come," she said, though without animation. "I have been trying to improve myself. I don't know why I try to read improving books; the result is always the same."

"What made you do it?" he asked in amazement.

"Oh, I don't know. I heard Mary talking the other night about how people wasted their time and opportunities. and as I knew I was doing both I thought I would try and reform. You see, I have even set up a work basket," and she pointed to the dainty silk and straw arrangement on her knee.

"It is very pretty," he said vaguely. "Yes, I know it is. I tried to make it look severe and plain like Mary's, but it was perfectly hopeless." "Heaven forbid," he exclaimed.

She looked at him doubtfully. "I don't believe you like Mary," she

"Even if that were true," he replied with unwonted humility, "of what consequence is my humble opinion?"

"Everybody likes her," she went on. "She is so correct, so altogether everything that she ought to be but perhaps you want to be original and different from other people." "Perhaps."

"Jack thinks she is immensely clever, and Mr. Stone seems quite fascinated." "Did he tell you so?"

"No, but"-sne broke off, not caring to state that she had only heard of the latter's admiration from Mary herself-"but one can see for one's self," she finished bravely. .

"Really? Then I shall begin to think that I am lacking in penetration, for he doesn't strike me at all as a lovesick swain; but of course Miss Netherton ought to know."

"Did I say Miss Netherton knew?" He professed to be shocked. "I beg your pardon. Of course you did not. must have been following out a train of thought of my own."

"I hope," she said, slowly, "I do hope you don't think I am the kind of girl who likes to hear another one abused, for while I don't pretend to be perfect by any means, I am not like that." An expression of tenderness came into his careless face.

"Rest easy," he assured her; "nothing is further from my thoughts. Don't you know that I believe you to be generous and womanly, and that I would never "Would you not? I wish I deserved

your good opinion, but Mary says-' "Who cares what Mary says?" "Now I am sure you don't like her." "Well, if the truth must be told, I "Why not? She likes you; she said

only yesterday that she thought that you were an estimable young man."
Mr. Armstead looked intensely "Estimable, indeed. I flatter myself-"

he broke off. "I don't believe she said anything of the kind; I believe you made that up." "Am I to understand that my veracity is in doubt?" "There are some questions that are

petter left unanswered," he replied pen "Well, you can believe it or not—she said it. She has a little way of saying things that fret people; not that I think

that she means it." "How charitable. The improving books are getting in their work; but to return to our muttons and answer your question. My reason for not liking Miss Netherton is, perhaps, a childish one, but she told me a piece of bad news once, and told it with so much relish (or so I imagined) that I can't quite get over it." "The idea! Why, she imparts the most

trying bits of information to me about myself all the time and it never 'phases' me. Life is too short to worry over the Marys one meets." "Oh, you are so sublimely indifferent that you can afford to ignore her; but I am desperately human, and I can't help caring about things. It's absurdly old-

fashioned, I know, and I intend to get over it some day, but in the meantime my friends will have to be lenient with "He grows sarcastic," she said. ought to feel crushed, of course, but I am not. I suppose that is another evidence of my sublime indifference."

"You may not know it," he said, politely, "but there is a caterpillar perambulating up your sleeve." Instead of crying out, as he had expected her to do, she calmly flipped off the intruder, smiling meanwhile in a su-

perior way that was meant to exasper-"What nerve," he cried. "Miss Netherton herself could not have done it bet-"Do you know," she said, "I think you

are in a very censorious frame of mind: indeed, during your whole visit you have been anything but agreeable." "Thank you so much." "I never was so disappointed in anybody. I had been looking forward to

your coming and welcomed you so cordially, and here, instead of being nice and amusing and kind, as you used to be, you do nothing but frown at me from morning till night. What in the world have I done? And if you are so unhappy with us why did you come? Nobody made you. This is a free country; you can do exactly as you please.' He looked at her steadily.

"I came down with the intention of proposing to you," he said. This reply was so unexpected that she was for the moment disconcerted, but she immediately rallied and said lightly: "Well, you have evidently thought better of it, so that need not worry you." "Yes," he answered slowly, "I have thought better of it." Now Miss Howcott believed herself, "Doesn't she like you?"

"Yes, after a fashion; but I fret her and not without justice, to be a very sweet-tempered individual. She hated quarrels and avoided "scenes" as most myself and people generally. She thinks people do a rattlesnake but it was not in I need taking down occasionally, and quarrels and avoided "scenes" as most flesh and blood to listen calmly to a whenever I get too much on the crest of sworn admirer's declaration of independence, especially when it was so im-

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endeavoring to keep the anger that was | thought for a few moments, then he consuming her out of her voice, "and I said can but congratulate you upon having displayed your usual good judgment. Few men, I believe, enjoy being refused."

The blood swept to her cheeks and her | over it." eyes flashed, but she held herself well in hand, for, be it confessed, an over-

"No? Well, my imagination is not my strong point, so I fear I shall have to remain in the dark."

"I should think you would know," he "Do you? I am afraid you have credited me with brighter mental abilities than I possess.'

"If you do not understand it it is because you will not.' "Oh, of course, there is one solution, but that is so little flattering to my self-

esteem that I refuse to think of it." "Not flattering to your self-esteem—
but what do you mean? I do not follow you."

pretend to be as clever as some of the men you know, but I will guard you tenderly and try to make you happy. I A very brilliant and crushing retort

suggested itself to her here, but she too clever with men), so instead of dazzling him with her wit she only sighed and looked at him with the air of one who had borne all that the spirit of mortal could be called upon to endure. "What construction have you put upon my words?" he cried, excitedly. "You

have some idea in your mind." "I hope I have," she replied with spirit. "Oh, don't jest with me; be in earnest for once in your life. What did you happiest man on earth." think was my reason for not asking you to marry me?"

And now for the first time Miss Howcott departed from the strict path of marry a fool. I wonder that you ask me truth (improving books to the contrary.) 'I don't think I thought about it one way or the other," she said lazily. ment's silence said: "Under the cir-

cumstances, I suppose I could hardly ex-

pect anything else. She looked at him hopelessly. "Under what circumstances? I wish you would come out openly and say what you mean, for either I am hopelessly dense to-day or you express yourself badly, but I don't understand you at all.' "And yet it is simple enough. I mean that, considering your engagement, it is

not strange that I should have but little place in your thoughts." "My engagement?"-amazedly. "Oh, come now, don't deny it to me," he cried almost roughly, "for I have it on the best authority. Miss Netherton

told me of it the night I arrived. She said that you did not admit to it, but that she knew it to be true." "Did she, indeed? And did she state to whom?"-with ominous calm. "She didn't tell me his name-a New York fellow, she said; somebody you met

at the Springs last summer." "And so that was why you-" "Why I did not propose to you. But surely you knew that. I have always cared for you-ever since the first night at the Deane's-so you can imagine my grief and disappointment when your intimate friend informed me that I had come too late, and advised me to hold

my peace. No wonder I haven't been

'nice and amusing;' a man doesn't feel like dancing at his own funeral." "What an ordinary expression," she cried gayly. "I am afraid you are deteriorating; however, before we go any further perhaps you wouldn't mind hearing that I'm not engaged, and that our excellent Mary told you a-or, rathershe got things somewhat mixed. That's more charitable, I believe.' "What! Had she absolutely nothing to

"Oh, of course"-smiling-"I have good many friends who have been very polite to me, and all that, but it doesn't necessarily follow that I should be engaged to any of them.' "Then why did she tell me so?"

She laughed. "Ah, my friend, you have much yet to learn; your education in certain branches has been wofully neglected, and some day when I have leisure I shall make it my duty to instruct you about various social matters that seemed to have escaped your at-

awfully. I seem so well pleased with people do a rattlesnake but it was not in flesh and blood to listen calmly to a sworn admirer's declaration of independence, especially when it was so impertinently worded.

"You were always clever," she said,

I need taking down occasionally, and whenever I get too much on the crest of the wave she does something of that sort. It is a kind of sacred duty with her, and is for my ultimate moral good."

Mr. Armstead remained plunged in by the way, please announce from the stage

"Women are strange creatures; I don't understand them at all. "The world's sagest philosophers have "Oh, that was not the reason," he been baffled by that problem, so if I were you I wouldn't waste any gray matter "Well, I won't. What is troubling me

at present is whether I have any chance whelming curiosity to know why he had with you, for after what you have said changed his mind had possession of her, so in response to this added bit of rudeness she said languidly:

"What did I say?"

"Why, you intimated that had I been bold enough to propose to you you would have refused me. "Of course, I said that (and so would

any other girl who had a modicum of pride) when I thought you didn't intend to ask me." "Well, I ask you now, and with all my heart. Will you marry me? You know that I love you, how I have always loved you, and surely if there be any truth in the old saying that love persuades love, you ought to care for me a little. I don't

know I am expressing myself badlywhat one feels most is always hardest thought better of it (it did not do to be to put into words, but you, who are so sympathetic, will read between the lines and guess at what I leave unsaid." In his eagerness he came and knelt beside her chair, laying his strong hand

over hers; she did not draw it away. "It was absurd of me to take your cousin's word without inquiring of you, but if you will marry a poor fool who came near throwing away his chances for happiness, you will make me the She shook her head. "No," she

so positively that Stephen Armstead's heart sank within him, "I would never to. Surely, I deserve a better fate than that, but"-leaning toward him with a smile that said more than words-"I will He flushed at this, but after a mo-ment's silence said: "Under the cir-you to be, and I love you." -New Orleans Times-Democrat.

> HUMOR OF THE DAY. A Matter of Doubt. Detroit Free Press.

"Do you expect to suffer from hay fever this summer, Mrs. De Long?" "No. Not unless my husband's business Must Have Had To.

Bobby (taking his first lesson in Latin)-Mother, does God understand Latin? Mother-Of course he does. Bobby-Who made him study it?

Barker-Did you tell him that he lied? Karker-Not in so many words. Barker-How, then? Karker-I told him he ought to be sending war news from Cuba.

Up to Snuff. Teacher-Now, Robert, who was the man who never told a lie? Robert-Aw, come off! Yer want me ter say "George Washington," an' den you're goin' ter say "Chestnuts!"

Two Hens. Domestic Hen-I was awfully busy for Easter, and new I must devote all my time Society Hen-I rely on the incubator; it

great relief. Very Natural Inquiry.

Pastor (reading notices) - The standing committee will please remain after the serv Edith (aged six) - Mamma, doesn't that

A Poor Memory.

Visitor-I suppose you remember the Revolutionary war, Mr. Woolberton?

Mr. Woolberton-No; yo' see it was this way, sah-long befo' dat my mem'ry failed me 'cause ob my old age, sah!

Didn't Get Them Straight. Farm Hand (religiously inclined) - Did you ever stop to think who set those stars n the heavens, sir? Farmer-Naw; but th' feller thet did ob could never set termaters fer me.

Professional Courtestes. New York Weekly. Actor (in country town)-I hope you won that now is the time to subscribe for the Pumpkinville Trumpet, as I have receive an offer of \$5,000 a week to run the London

Explained. Yonkers Statesman.

such slow seed. Those plants ought to have been up long ago.
Mrs. Springtide—You forget, dear; those are the seeds my sister sent us from Phil-A Man's View.

Mr. Springtide (in the garden)-I never saw

Chicago Record. "My dear, I think you are a trifle too par-

"In putting wire screens over the doors Politics vs. Letters.

New York Weekly. First Little Girl-My par is a great coun

cilman and gives contracts for sewers and things. Everybody has heard of him.

Second Little Girl-My pa is an editorial writer on a grest newspaper, and helps to make history. Everybody will hear of him when he dies. No Great Advantage.

Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)-Well, well! Wonders will never cease!

They've got so now that they can photo-

Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.

New York Weekly.

A Profane Youngster. Mrs. Emerson (of Boston, showing her little New York nephew around the city)— And what do you think of this building, Charles-Beautiful! Is it a church, Auntie? Mrs. Emerson (aghast)-Church? How

sacrliegious you New York people are! No! It is the Public Library.

His Theory. Washington Star. "It's strange," said the young man who is always looking for coincidences, "that so many politicians nowadays are remarkable for their whiskers." "It seems to me," replied the girl who is studying art, "that it must be largely due to the manner in which everybody has gone wild over Beardsley effects."



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper ef-forts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts— rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxat . Syrup of Figs, prompt ly removes. 'Inat is why it is the only remedy with millions of familles, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the Cali-

fornia Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists. If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely sed and gives most general satisfaction.